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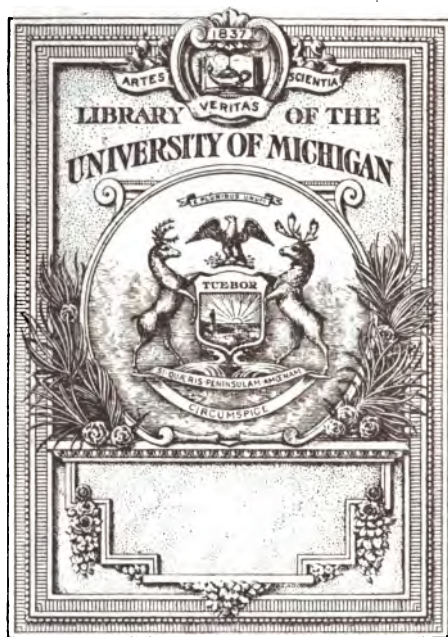
MAYNARD'S  
ENGLISH CLASSIC SERIES

WITH EXPLANATORY NOTES

THE LEGEND  
OF  
SLEEPY HOLLOW

BY  
WASHINGTON IRVING.

NEW YORK  
MAYNARD, MERRILL & CO.  
43, 45 & 47 EAST 10TH ST.



THE

# LEGEND OF SLEEPY HOLLOW.

(FROM THE "SKETCH-BOOK.")

BY

WASHINGTON IRVING.

EDITED FOR SCHOOL AND HOME USE BY

ALBERT F. BLAISDELL, A.M.,

AUTHOR OF "OUTLINE STUDIES IN ENGLISH CLASSICS," "OUTLINES FOR THE  
STUDY OF THE ENGLISH CLASSICS," "ANNOTATED EDITION  
OF 'ENOCH ARDEN,' " ETC., ETC.



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## LIFE OF IRVING.

WASHINGTON IRVING, one of the earliest and most popular of American authors, and of whom Thackeray happily spoke as "the first ambassador whom the New World of Letters sent to the Old," was born in New York City, in 1783. He received only a common-school education, leaving the school-room at sixteen, yet for many years afterward pursued a systematic course of reading of the standard authors, especially Chaucer, Spenser, and Bunyan. In his boyhood days he seemed to have a natural talent for writing essays and stories. As he always detested mathematics, he often wrote compositions for his school-mates, and they in turn worked out his problems for him. He studied law for a time, but not being inclined to submit to the drudgery of a profession, preferred to employ himself in rambling excursions around Manhattan Island, by which he became familiar with the beautiful scenery which he afterward made famous by his pen. Thus he acquired that minute knowledge of various historical locations, curious traditions, and legends, so beautifully made use of in his *Sketch-Book* and *History of New York*. In 1804, being threatened with pulmonary disease, he sailed for Europe, and remained abroad for nearly two years. On his return, he undertook to resume his legal practice, but without success. In company with others, he began the publication of a serial called "Salamagundi." It was well conducted, and proved successful. In 1809, he published his *Knickerbocker's History of New York*, "the most unique, perfectly rounded, and elaborately sustained burlesque in our literature." He conducted a magazine in Philadelphia for two years, to which he contributed articles afterward included in the *Sketch-Book*. In 1814, he served as an aid to Governor Tompkins, and at the end of the war again went to Europe, where he continued to live for the next seventeen years. By the failure of his brother, he lost all his property, and having been thus thrown upon his own resources, he devoted himself to literature to earn a living. His *Sketch-Book* was published in 1819. By the personal influence of Sir Walter Scott it was republished in London, and at once established Irving's reputation as a great author.

His next works were *Bracebridge Hall*, published in 1822, and *Tales of a Traveler*, in 1824. Having been commissioned to make some translations from the Spanish, he took up his residence in Madrid. To this residence in Spain we are indebted for some of his most charming works, as, *Life of Columbus*, *Conquest of Granada*, *The Alhambra*, *Almotarret* and *his Successors*, and *Spanish Papers*. He returned to America in 1832. During the next ten years were published *Astoria*, *Adventures of Capt. Bonneville*, and *Wolfert's Roost*. In 1842, Irving was appointed Minister to Spain. His *Life of Goldsmith* was published four years later, after his return home. His last and most carefully written work was the *Life of Washington*, in five volumes.

Irving's last years were passed at "Sunnyside," his delightful residence at Tarrytown, on the Hudson, in the midst of the beautiful scenes which he has immortalized. Irving died Nov. 28, 1859, the same year with Prescott, the historian, and Macaulay. A friend who saw much of our author in his latter days thus describes him: "He had dark gray eyes, a handsome straight nose, which might perhaps be called large; a broad, high, full forehead, and a small mouth. I should call him of medium height, about five feet and nine inches, and inclined to be a trifle stout. His smile was exceedingly genial, lightening up his whole face, and rendering it very attractive; while he were about to say any thing humorous, it would beam forth from his eyes even before his words were spoken."

In one of his charming "Easy Chair" essays, George William Cure says:—"Irving was as quaint a figure as the Diedrich Knickerbocker in the preliminary advertisement of the *History of New York*. Thirty years ago he might have been seen on an autumnal afternoon, tripping with an elastic step along Broadway, with low quartered shoes neatly tied, and a Talma cloak—a short garment like the cape of a coat. There was a chirping, cheery, old school air in his appearance which was undeniably Dutch, and most harmonious with the association of his writing. He seemed, indeed, to have stepped out of his books; and the cordial grace and humor of his address, if he stopped for a passing chat, were delightfully characteristic. He was then the most famous man of letters, but he was simply free from all self-consciousness and assumption and dogmatism."

## WASHINGTON IRVING. 1783—1859.

"Washington Irving! Why, gentlemen, I don't go upstairs to bed two nights out of the seven without taking Washington Irving under my arm."—*Charles Dickens.*

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"I know of no books which are oftener lent than those that bear the pseudonym of 'Geoffrey Crayon.' Few, very few, can show a long succession so pure, so graceful, and so varied, as Mr. Irving."—*Mary Russell Mitford.*

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"Rich and original humor, great refinement of feeling and delicacy of sentiment. Style accurately finished, easy, and transparent. Accurate observer: his descriptions are correct, animated, and beautiful."—*George S. Hillard.*

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"If he wishes to study a style which possesses the characteristic beauties of Addison's, its ease, simplicity, and elegance, with greater accuracy, point, and spirit, let him give his days and nights to the volumes of Irving."—*Edward Everett's Advice to a Student.*

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"He seems to have been born with a rare sense of literary proportion and form; into this, as into a mold, were run his apparently lazy and really acute observations of life. That he thoroughly mastered such literature as he fancied there is abundant evidence; that his style was influenced by the purest English models is also apparent. But there remains a large margin for wonder how, with his want of training, he could have elaborated a style which is distinctly his own, and is as copious, felicitous in the choice of words, flowing, spontaneous, flexible, engaging, clear, and as little wearisome when read continuously in quantity as any in the English tongue."—*C. D. Warner.*

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"In his family, gentle, generous, good-humored, affectionate, self-denying; in society, a delightful example of complete gentlemanhood; quite unspoiled by prosperity; never obsequious to the great; eager to acknowledge every contemporary's merit; always kind and affable with the young members of his calling; in his professional bargains and mercantile dealings delicately honest and grateful. He was, at the same time, one of the most charming masters of our lighter language; the constant friend to us and our nation; to men of letters doubly dear, not for his wit and genius merely, but as an exemplar of goodness, probity, and a pure life."—*Wm. M. Thackeray.*



## REFERENCES.

For full particulars concerning Irving's personal and literary career the student is referred to Curtis's *Homes of American Authors*, Calkins's *American Literature*, Tuckerman's *Sketch*, and Bryant's edition, delivered a few years ago, and since republished in a volume of essays. Read also the Life of Irving in Hill's series of *Great American Authors*, and an essay by Charles D. Warner, originally printed in the *Atlantic*, for March, 1880, and since revised and published as the volume of *American Men of Letters*, a series of biographies of eminent American authors.

*Studies of Irving* is a little book containing the essays by Warner, Bryant, and *Personal Reminiscences*, by George P. Putnam. An exhaustive biography of Irving has been written by his nephew, F. Irving.

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## PRINCIPAL WRITINGS.

*Sketch-Book*; *History of New York*; *Bracebridge Hall*; *Tales of a Traveller*; *Life of Columbus*; *Conquest of Granada*; *Alhambra*; *of the Prairies*; *Abbotsford* and *Newstead Abbey*; *Astoria*; *Adventures of Captain Bonneville*; *Life of Goldsmith*; *Life of Washington*.

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## SELECTIONS TO READ.

The Student is advised to begin with the *Sketch-Book*. The following are some of the best sketches:

1. The Wife. 2. Rip Van Winkle. 3. Rural Life in England. 4. The Broken Heart. 5. The Widow and Her Son. 6. The Mutability of Literature. 7. Westminster Abbey. 8. Christmas. 9. Christmas Eve. 10. Christmas Day. 11. The Christmas Dinner. 12. The Old Man of the Village. 13. The Legend of Sleepy Hollow.

After the *Sketch-Book* the whole or certain chapters of the *Life of Goldsmith* may be read, especially in connection with the student's study of Goldsmith's text. Sketches similar to those in the *Sketch-Book* may be found in *Bracebridge Hall*, *Traveller*, *Crayon Miscellany*, and other volumes. Certain chapters in *Knickerbocker's History of New York* may be found very interesting in connection with the study of the student's text, and occasional references have been made to them in the "Notes." The Dutch material, thus elaborated in the "Knickerbocker Legend," is illustrated in several other stories which may be read in this connection, viz., "Money Diggers" and "Wolfert Putnam," in *The Tales of a Traveller*, and "Dolph Heyliger," in *Bracebridge Hall*.

As a help to a better understanding of the text, read two magazine articles: "A Reminiscence of Sleepy Hollow," *Harper's Mag.*, 1886, vol. 34; and "Sunnyside," *Harper's Mag.*, Dec., 1886, vol. 1.

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NOTE.—Through the courtesy of G. P. Putnam's Sons, the authorized publishers of Irving's complete works, the editor has been allowed to use them in their revised and complete edition of the *Sketch-Book*.

# THE LEGEND OF SLEEPY HOLLOW.

FOUND AMONG THE PAPERS OF THE LATE DIEDRICH  
KNICKERBOCKER.\*

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"Irving's stories of 'Rip Van Winkle' and 'Legend of Sleepy Hollow' are, perhaps, the finest pieces of original fictitious writing that this country has produced, next to the works of Sir Walter Scott."—*Hambers's Cy. of Eng. Lit.*

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"If, in the multiplicity of books and the change of taste the bulk of Irving's works shall go out of print, a volume made up of his legends relating to the region of the Hudson, would survive as long as anything that has been produced in this country."—*Charles Dudley Varner.*

## PREFATORY NOTE.

The *Sketch-Book* is universally recognized as one of our best English classics. The first sketch was published in this country in May, 1819. The series was not completed until September, 1820. The work was written in England and sent to New York, where it was first published in serial form. The "Legend of Sleepy Hollow" is one of its most popular sketches. The scene of the story was a spot dear to its author. As a boy, and still later as a young man, he had explored every nook and corner of this region afterwards made classic ground by his graceful pen. The desire expressed in the first part of the sketch was literally gratified. After the return from his long residence abroad, he revisited, as he has told us, "the wizard region of Sleepy Hollow," and explored with Diedrich Knickerbocker "its spell-bound recesses." He bought the small stone cottage, the home of the Van Tassels, the "Roost" of the unfortunate Wolfert. This historic place, renovated and enlarged, still preserving its quaint Dutch char-

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\* A quaint old Dutch litterateur, a fictitious character, originated by Irving and assumed by him to be the author of Knickerbocker's "History of New York." Besides the MS. of the history, Diedrich left other papers and documents at his death ready for publication. He is represented as a small, brisk-looking old gentleman, dressed in a rusty black coat, a pair of olive velvet breeches, and small cocked hat. For full details, see the "Account of the Author" in the introductory pages of the "History of New York."

acteristics, became famous as "Sunnyside," the home of Irving in declining years, and the dearest place on earth to him. The spot is a little farm on the bank of the river at Tarrytown, close to the Sleepy Hollow haunts, one of the loveliest, if not the most picturesque, situations on the Hudson. "Here, then," said the author, "have I set up my rest, surrounded by the recollections of my early days, with that glorious river before me, which flows with majesty, and which has ever been to me a river of delight." I never tired of the legends and scenery of the river celebrated in my pen. "I thank God," he said, "I was born on the Hudson. It is my mother, my first and last love; and after all my wanderings, I return to it with a heart-felt preference over all the other rivers in the world. Though the illusions of youth have faded from the landscape, the recollections of departed years and departed pleasures shed over it a mellow charm of evening sunshine."

When the great author who had told the story of Columbus in the Alhambra appeared in the theatre at Oxford to take the honorary degree of D.C.L. from the university, the boisterous undergrads shouted their admiration of the shy writer in their cries of "Ichabod Crane," "Diedrich Knickerbocker," "Rip Van Winkle." The shouts of the students echoed the verdict of the world. It is not the historian or biographer but the genial humorist and writer of frolicsome fancy, the man of genius who created and peopled the humorous world of the Knickerbockers, who sketched the whimsical portrait of Ichabod Crane, and outlined the fascinating legend of Rip Van Winkle, that the world delights to love and honor, and has given a permanent place in literature.

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"A pleasing land of drowsy head it was,  
Of dreams that wave before the half-shut eye;  
And of gay castles in the clouds that pass,  
For ever flushing round a summer sky."

CASTLE OF INDOLENCE.

In the bosom of one of those spacious coves which lie on the eastern shore of the Hudson, at that broad expansion of the river denominated by the ancient Dutch navigator Tappan Zee, and where they always prudently shortened

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4. **Tappan Zee.**—The "Mediterranean" of the river, as Irving calls it, is the first and largest expansion of the Hudson. This "sea" is rich in history, and far more so in romantic association.

and implored the protection of St. Nicholas when they crossed, where lies a small market-town or rural port, which by some is called Greensburgh, but which is more generally and properly known by the name of Tarry Town. This name was given, we are told, in former days, by the good housewives of the adjacent country, from the inveterate propensity of their husbands to linger about the village tavern on market-days. Be that as it may, I do not vouch for the fact, but merely advert to it for the sake of being precise and authentic. Not far from this village, perhaps about two miles, there is a little valley, or rather lap of land, among high hills, which is one of the quietest places in the whole world. A small brook glides through it, with just murmur enough to lull one to repose; and the occasional whistle of a quail, or tapping of a woodpecker, is almost the only sound that ever breaks in upon the uniform tranquillity.

I recollect that, when a stripling, my first exploit in squirrel-shooting was in a grove of tall walnut-trees that shades one side of the valley. I had wandered into it at noon-time, when all nature is peculiarly quiet, and was startled by the roar of my own gun, as it broke the Sabbath stillness around, and was prolonged and reverberated by the angry echoes. If ever I should wish for a retreat, whither I might steal from the world and its distractions, and dream quietly away the remnant of a troubled life, I know of none more promising than this little valley.

From the listless repose of the place, and the peculiar character of its inhabitants, who are descendants from the original Dutch settlers, this sequestered glen has long been known by

5. **St. Nicholas.**—A highly popular saint. He is regarded as the especial patron of the young, and particularly of scholars. The feast of this saint used to be celebrated, in olden times, in England, with solemnity in the great public schools.

8. **Tarry Town**—A Dutch village of considerable antiquity, cosily nestled among the hills on the Hudson, some twenty-five miles from New York. Sleepy Hollow is situated within its limits.

27. **Should wish for a retreat.**—Many years after this sketch was written the wish was literally gratified. Read the "Prefatory Note."

the name of SLEEPY HOLLOW, and its rustic lads are called Sleepy Hollow Boys throughout all the neighboring country. A drowsy, dreamy influence seems to hang over the land, and to pervade the very atmosphere. Some say that the place was bewitched by a high German doctor, during the early days of the settlement; others, that an old Indian chief, the prophet or wizard of his tribe, held his pow-wows there before the country was discovered by Master Hendrick Hudson. Certain it is, the place still continues under the sway of some witch power, that holds a spell over the minds of the good people, causing them to walk in a continual reverie. They are given to all kinds of marvellous beliefs; are subject to trances and visions; and frequently see strange sights, and hear music and voices in the air. The whole neighborhood abounds with local tales, haunted spots, and twilight superstitions; stars and meteors glare oftener across the valley than in any other part of the country, and the nightmare, with her whole nation fold, seems to make it the favorite scene of her gambols.

The dominant spirit, however, that haunts this enchanted region, and seems to be commander-in-chief of all the powers of the air, is the apparition of a figure on horseback without head. It is said by some to be the ghost of a Hessian troop whose head had been carried away by a cannon-ball, in some nameless battle during the Revolutionary War, and who is seen and anon seen by the country folk, hurrying along in

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40. **Pow-wows.**—Before going on the war-path, at councils, and on various other occasions, Indians were wont to hold a meeting called a "pow-wow" at which there was great noise, dancing, etc.

41. **Master Hendrick Hudson.**—During his second voyage in search of a north-west passage to India, this celebrated navigator discovered the Hudson River, in 1609.

50. **Nightmare.**—[A. S., *niht*, night; *mara*, a nightmare, incubus; literally, "a crusher," from the root *mar*, to crush.] A dream at night accompanied with a feeling of pressure on the chest, generally the result of eating indigestible food. Once called the night-hag or the riding of the witch.

"The witch we call Mara."—*Scott*.

"He met the nightmare and her nine fold."—*King Lear*.

55. **Hessian trooper.**—During the war of the Revolution, the British government hired some 16,000 troops of the German princes to fight in America. Most of these soldiers came from the province of Hesse-Cassel, and hence were called Hessians.

gloom of night, as if on the wings of the wind. His haunts are not confined to the valley, but extend at times to the adjacent roads, and especially to the vicinity of a church at no great distance. Indeed, certain of the most authentic historians of those parts, who have been careful in collecting and collating the floating facts concerning this spectre, allege that the body of the trooper, having been buried in the church-yard, the ghost rides forth to the scene of battle in nightly quest of his head; and that the rushing speed with which he sometimes passes along the Hollow, like a midnight blast, is owing to his being belated, and in a hurry to get back to the church-yard before daybreak. 70

Such is the general purport of this legendary superstition, which has furnished materials for many a wild story in that region of shadows; and the spectre is known, at all the country firesides, by the name of the Headless Horseman of Sleepy Hollow.

It is remarkable that the visionary propensity I have mentioned is not confined to the native inhabitants of the valley, but is unconsciously imbibed by every one who resides there for a time. However wide awake they may have been before they entered that sleepy region, they are sure, in a little time, 80 to inhale the witching influence of the air, and begin to grow imaginative, to dream dreams, and see apparitions.

I mention this peaceful spot with all possible laud; for it is in such little retired Dutch valleys, found here and there embosomed in the great State of New York, that population, manners, and customs remain fixed; while the great torrent of migration and improvement, which is making such incessant changes in other parts of this restless country, sweeps by them unobserved. They are like those little nooks of still water which border a rapid stream; where we may see the straw and 90 bubble riding quietly at anchor, or slowly revolving in their

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61. **Church.**—This old Dutch church, finished in 1699, is still in existence. Within a stone's throw was the old mill, built in 1686, near the bridge alongside of which Ichabod Crane disappeared.

mimic harbor, undisturbed by the rush of the passing current. Though many years have elapsed since I trod the drowsy shades of Sleepy Hollow, yet I question whether I should not still find the same trees and the same families vegetating in its sheltered bosom.

In this by-place of nature, there abode, in a remote period of American history, that is to say, some thirty years since, a worthy wight of the name of Ichabod Crane, who sojourned,   
 100 or, as he expressed it, "tarried," in Sleepy Hollow, for the purpose of instructing the children of the vicinity. He was a native of Connecticut, a State which supplies the Union with pioneers for the mind as well as for the forest, and sends forth yearly its legions of frontier woodmen and country school-masters.

The cognomen of Crane was not inapplicable to his person. He was tall, but exceedingly lank, with narrow shoulders, long arms and legs, hands that dangled a mile out of his sleeves, feet that might have served for shovels, and his whole frame   
 110 most loosely hung together. His head was small, and flat at top, with huge ears, large green glassy eyes, and a long snipe nose, so that it looked like a weathercock perched upon his spindle neck, to tell which way the wind blew. To see him striding along the profile of a hill on a windy day, with his clothes bagging and fluttering about him, one might have mistaken him for the genius of famine descending upon the earth, or some scarecrow eloped from a cornfield.

His school-house was a low building of one large room, rudely constructed of logs ; the windows partly glazed, and   
 120 partly patched with leaves of old copy-books. It was most ingeniously secured at vacant hours by a withe twisted in the handle of the door, and stakes set against the window-shutters, so that, though a thief might get in with perfect ease, he would

97. **Remote period.**—An example of Irving's quiet humor and genial satire.

106. **Cognomen.**—(*L. con.* with ; *nomen*, name.) Surname. Roman families of position had three names. The cognomen was the last of the three.



find some embarrassment in getting out; an idea most probably borrowed by the architect, Yost Van Houten, from the mystery of an eel-pot. The school-house stood in a rather lonely but pleasant situation, just at the foot of a woody hill, with a brook running close by, and a formidable birch-tree growing at one end of it. From hence the low murmur of his pupils' voices, conning over their lessons, might be heard in a drowsy summer's day, like the hum of a bee-hive, interrupted now and then by the authoritative voice of the master, in the tone of menace or command; or, peradventure, by the appalling sound of the birch, as he urged some tardy loiterer along the flowery path of knowledge. Truth to say, he was a conscientious man, and ever bore in mind the golden maxim, "Spare the rod and spoil the child." Ichabod Crane's scholars certainly were not spoiled.

I would not have it imagined, however, that he was one of those cruel potentates of the school, who joy in the smart of their subjects; on the contrary, he administered justice with discrimination rather than severity, taking the burthen off the backs of the weak, and laying it on those of the strong. Your mere puny stripling, that winced at the least flourish of the rod, was passed by with indulgence; but the claims of justice were satisfied by inflicting a double portion on some little, tough, wrong-headed, broad-skirted Dutch urchin, who sulked, and swelled, and grew dogged and sullen beneath the birch. All this he called "doing his duty" by their parents; and he never inflicted a chastisement without following it by the assurance, so consolatory to the smarting urchin, that "he would remember it, and thank him for it the longest day he had to live."

When school-hours were over, he was even the companion

126. **Eel-pot.**—A basket made in a peculiar shape, and used to catch eels.

137. "**Spare the rod and spoil the child.**"—Cf. Butler's *Hudibras* Part ii. C. i. l. 843.

"Love is a boy by poets styl'd ;

Then spare the rod and spoil the child."

"He that spareth his rod hateth his son.—*Prov.* xiii. 24.



and playmate of the larger boys; and, on holiday afternoons, would convoy some of the smaller ones home, who happened to have pretty sisters or good housewives for mothers noted for the comforts of the cupboard. Indeed, it behooved him to keep on good terms with his pupils. The revenue arising  
 160 from his school was small and would have been scarcely sufficient to furnish him with daily bread, for he was a huge feeder, and, though lank, had the dilating powers of an anaconda; but to help out his maintenance, he was, according to country custom in those parts, boarded and lodged at the houses of the farmers, whose children he instructed. With these he lived successively a week at a time; thus going the rounds of the neighborhood, with all his worldly effects tied up in a cotton handkerchief.

That all this might not be too onerous on the purses of his  
 170 rustic patrons, who are apt to consider the cost of schooling a grievous burden, and schoolmasters as mere drones, he had various ways of rendering himself both useful and agreeable. He assisted the farmers occasionally in the lighter labors of their farms; helped to make hay; mended the fences; took the horses to water; drove the cows from pasture, and cut wood for the winter fire. He laid aside, too, all the dominant dignity and absolute sway with which he lorded it in his little empire, the school, and became wonderfully gentle and ingratiating. He found favor in the eyes of the mothers by pet-  
 180 ting the children, particularly the youngest; and like the lion bold, which whilom so magnanimously the lamb did hold, he

166. **Going the rounds.**—This custom of boarding the school-master around the neighborhood is still kept up in certain sections of the country. "Boarding round" was the universal custom in olden times in New England.

172. **Useful and agreeable.**—Contrast this description of a country schoolmaster with the sketch of Goldsmith's village master in the *Deserted Village*, l. 193; and the college pedagogue described by Whittier in his *Snow Bound*.

180. **The lion bold, etc.**—Allusion is made to the rude couplet in the *New England Primer*, which was placed beside the picture of a lion resting his paw on a lamb. This served to explain the letter L.

"The Lion bold  
 The Lamb doth hold."

181. **Whilom.**—(A. S. *whilon* sometime.) Formerly, once, of old.

would sit with a child on one knee, and rock a cradle with his foot for whole hours together.

In addition to his other vocations he was the singing-master of the neighborhood, and picked up many bright shillings by instructing the young folks in psalmody. It was a matter of no little vanity to him, on Sundays, to take his station in front of the church-gallery, with a band of chosen singers, where, in his own mind, he completely carried away the palm from the parson. Certain it is, his voice resounded far above all the rest of the congregation; and there are peculiar quavers still to be heard in that church, and which may even be heard half a mile off, quite to the opposite side of the mill-pond, on a still Sunday morning, which are said to be legitimately descended from the nose of Ichabod Crane. Thus, by divers little makeshifts in that ingenious way which is commonly denominated "by hook and by crook," the worthy pedagogue got on tolerably enough, and was thought, by all who understood nothing of the labor of headwork, to have a wonderfully easy life of it.

The schoolmaster is generally a man of some importance in the female circle of a rural neighborhood; being considered a kind of idle, gentleman-like personage, of vastly superior taste and accomplishments to the rough country swains, and, indeed, inferior in learning only to the parson. His appearance, therefore, is apt to occasion some little stir at the tea-table of a farm-house, and the addition of a supernumerary dish of cakes or sweetmeats, or, peradventure, the parade of a silver tea-pot. Our man of letters, therefore, was peculiarly happy in the smiles of all the country damsels. How he would figure among them in the church-yard, between services on Sundays! gathering grapes for them from the wild vines that overrun the surrounding trees; reciting for their amusement all the

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197. "By hook and by crook."—Somehow; in one way or another. Many suggestions have been ventured in explanation of this phrase but none are satisfactory. See Brewer's *Dictionary of Phrase and Fable* and Edwards's *Words, Facts, and Phrases*.

epitaphs on the tombstones; or sauntering with a whole bevy of them, along the banks of the adjacent mill-pond; while the more bashful country bumpkins hung sheepishly back, envying his superior elegance and address.

From his half itinerant life, also, he was a kind of travelling gazette, carrying the whole budget of local gossip from house to house: so that his appearance was always greeted with satisfaction. He was, moreover, esteemed by the women as a man of great erudition, for he had read several books quite through, and was a perfect master of Cotton Mather's "History of New England Witchcraft," in which, by the way, he most firmly and potently believed.

He was, in fact, an odd mixture of small shrewdness and simple credulity. His appetite for the marvellous, and his powers of digesting it were equally extraordinary; and both had been increased by his residence in this spellbound region. No tale was too gross or monstrous for his capacious swallow. It was often his delight, after his school was dismissed in the afternoon, to stretch himself on the rich bed of clover bordering the little brook that whimpered by his school-house, and there con over old Mather's direful tales, until the gathering dusk of the evening made the printed page a mere mist before his eyes. Then, as he wended his way, by swamp and stream, and awful woodland, to the farm-house where he happened to be quartered, every sound of nature, at that witching hour, fluttered his excited imagination; the moan of the whippoorwill from the hill-side; the boding cry of the tree-toad, that harbinger of storm; the dreary hooting of the screech-owl, or the sudden rustling in the thicket of birds frightened from

223. Cotton Mather's "His. of N. E. Witchcraft."—Cotton Mather (1663-1728), a profound and industrious scholar and celebrated theologian of New England, was the author of 382 works, mostly theological. His best known work was *Magnalia Christi Americana*, "a bulky thing," as the author called it, of 1,300 pages. The work is a mighty chaos of fables and blunders, discussing almost every question, particularly theology and witchcraft. "It is never possible to tell," says Prof. Moses Colt Tyler, "just where the fiction ends and the history begins." Irving probably had the *Magnalia* in mind.

229. *The Whippoorwill* is a bird which is only heard at night. It receives its name from its note, which is thought to resemble those words.

their roost. The fire-flies, too, which sparkled most vividly in the darkest places, now and then startled him, as one of uncommon brightness would stream across his path; and if, by chance, a huge blockhead of a beetle came winging his blundering flight against him, the poor varlet was ready to give up the ghost, with the idea that he was struck with a witch's token. His only resource on such occasions, either to brow beat thought or drive away evil spirits, was to sing psalm-tunes; and the good people of Sleepy Hollow, as they sat by their doors of an evening, were often filled with awe, at hearing his nasal melody, "in linked sweetness long drawn out," floating from the distant hill, or along the dusky road.

Another of his sources of fearful pleasure was, to pass long winter evenings with the old Dutch wives, as they sat spinning by the fire, with a row of apples roasting and spluttering along the hearth, and listen to their marvellous tales of ghosts and goblins, and haunted fields, and haunted brooks, and haunted bridges, and haunted houses, and particularly of the headless horseman, or Galloping Hessian of the Hollow, as they sometimes called him. He would delight them equally by his anecdotes of witchcraft, and of the direful omens and portentous sights and sounds in the air, which prevailed in the earlier times of Connecticut; and would frighten them wofully with speculations upon comets and shooting stars, and with the alarming fact that the world did absolutely turn round, and that they were half the time topsy-turvy!

But if there was a pleasure in all this, while snugly cuddling in the chimney-corner of a chamber that was all of a ruddy glow from the crackling wood-fire, and where, of course, no spectre dared to show his face, it was dearly purchased by the terrors of his subsequent walk homewards. What fearful shapes and shadows beset his path amidst the dim and ghastly glare of a snowy night! -With what wistful look did he eye every trem-

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353. *Linked sweetness*.—See Milton's *L'Allegro*, l. 140 :—  
 "Of linked sweetness long drawn out."

bling ray of light streaming across the waste fields from some distant window!—How often was he appalled by some shroud covered with snow, which, like a sheeted spectre, beset his very path!—How often did he shrink with curdling awe at the sound of his own steps on the frosty crust beneath his feet; and dreaded to look over his shoulder, lest he should behold some uncouth being tramping close behind him!—and how often was he thrown into complete dismay by some rushing blast, howling among the trees, in the idea that it was the Galloping Hessian on one of his nightly scourings!

All these, however, were mere terrors of the night, phantoms of the mind that walk in darkness; and though he had seen many spectres in his time, and been more than once beset by Satan in divers shapes, in his lonely perambulations, yet daylight put an end to all these evils; and he would have passed a pleasant life of it, in despite of the devil and all his works, if his path had not been crossed by a being that causes more perplexity to mortal man than ghosts, goblins, and the whole race of witches put together, and that was—a woman.

Among the musical disciples who assembled, one evening each week, to receive his instructions in psalmody, was Katrina Van Tassel, the daughter and only child of a substantial Dutch farmer. She was a blooming lass of fresh eighteen; plump as a partridge; ripe and melting and rosy-cheeked as one of her father's peaches, and universally famed, not merely for her beauty, but her vast expectations. She was withal a little of a coquette, as might be perceived even in her dress, which was a mixture of ancient and modern fashions, as most suitable to set off her charms. She wore the ornaments of pure yellow gold, which her great-great-grandmother had brought over from Saardam; the tempting stomacher of the olden time; and withal a provokingly short petticoat to display the pretty foot and ankle in the country round.

306. **Saardam.**—A little town in Holland.

308. **Stomacher.**—Part of the waist of a woman's dress, used as an ornament or support. "Instead of a stomacher a girding of sackcloth."—Isaiah lii. 2

Ichabod Crane had a soft and foolish heart toward the sex; and it is not to be wondered at that so tempting a morsel soon found favor in his eyes; more especially after he had visited her in her paternal mansion. Old Baltus Van Tassel was a perfect picture of a thriving, contented, liberal-hearted farmer. He seldom, it is true, sent either his eyes or his thoughts beyond the boundaries of his own farm; but within those everything was snug, happy, and well-conditioned. He was satisfied with his wealth, but not proud of it; and piqued himself upon the hearty abundance rather than the style in which he lived. His stronghold was situated on the banks of the Hudson, in one of those green, sheltered, fertile nooks in which the Dutch farmers are so fond of nestling. A great elm-tree spread its broad branches over it; at the foot of which bubbled up a spring of the softest and sweetest water, in a little well formed of a barrel; and then stole sparkling away through the grass, to a neighboring brook, that bubbled along among alders and dwarf willows. Hard by the farm-house was a vast barn, that might have served for a church; every window and crevice of which seemed bursting forth with the treasures of the farm; the flail was busily resounding within it from morning till night; swallows and martins skimmed twittering about the eaves; and rows of pigeons, some with one eye turned up, as if watching the weather, some with their heads under their wings, or buried in their bosoms, and others swelling, and cooing, and bowing about their dames, were enjoying the sunshine on the roof. Sleek unwieldy porkers were grunting in the repose and abundance of their pens; whence sallied forth, now and then, troops of sucking pigs, as if to snuff the air. A stately squadron of snowy geese were riding in an adjoining pond, conveying whole fleets of ducks; and regiments of turkeys were gobbling through the farm-yard,

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- 319. **Stronghold.**—Van Tassel's stronghold is supposed to be the same cottage which Irving bought for a residence, and became known as "Sunny-side." Irving describes it as "a little old-fashioned stone mansion, all made up of gable ends, and as full of angles and corners as an old cocked hat."

and guinea fowls fretting about it, like ill-tempered housewives, with their peevish, discontented cry. Before the barn door strutted the gallant cock, that pattern of a husband, warrior, and a fine gentleman, clapping his burnished wings and crowing in the pride and gladness of his heart—sometimes tearing up the earth with his feet, and then generously calling his ever-hungry family of wives and children to enjoy the rich morsel which he had discovered.

The pedagogue's mouth watered, as he looked upon this sumptuous promise of luxurious winter fare. In his devouring mind's eye he pictured to himself every roasting-pig running about with a pudding in his belly, and an apple in his mouth; the pigeons were snugly put to bed in a comfortable pie, and tucked in with a coverlet of crust; the geese were swimming in their own gravy; and the ducks pairing cozily in dishes like snug married couples, with a decent competency of onion sauce. In the porkers he saw carved out the future sleek side of bacon, and juicy relishing ham; not a turkey but he beheld daintily trussed up, with its gizzard under its wing, and, perhaps, adventure a necklace of savory sausages; and even bright chanticleer himself lay sprawling on his back, in a side-dish with uplifted claws, as if craving that quarter which his chivalrous spirit disdained to ask while living.

As the enraptured Ichabod fancied all this, and as he rolled his great green eyes over the fat meadow-lands, the rich fields of wheat, of rye, of buckwheat, and Indian corn, and the orchard burthened with ruddy fruit, which surrounded the warm tenement of Van Tassel, his heart yearned after the damsel who was to inherit these domains, and his imagination expanded with the idea how they might be readily turned into cash, and the money invested in immense tracts of wild land and shingle palaces in the wilderness.

351. *Mind's eye*.—Cf. "In my mind's eye, Horatio."—*Hamlet* I. Sc. 1.

352. *Pudding in his belly*.—"That roasted Manningtree ox with pudding in his belly."—*Shak.* I. *Hen.* IV., II. 4.

353. *Gizzard*.—(*Fr. Gester.*) The strong, muscular stomach of a fowl.

Nay, his busy fancy already realized his hopes, and presented to him the blooming Katrina, with a whole family of children, mounted on the top of a wagon loaded with household trumpery, with pots and kettles dangling beneath; and he beheld himself bestriding a pacing mare, with a colt at her heels, setting out for Kentucky, Tennessee, or the Lord knows where.

When he entered the house, the conquest of his heart was complete. It was one of those spacious farm-houses, with <sup>380</sup> high-ridged, but lowly-sloping roofs, built in the style handed down from the first Dutch settlers; the low projecting eaves forming a piazza along the front, capable of being closed up in bad weather. Under this were hung flails, harness, various utensils of husbandry, and nets for fishing in the neighboring river. Benches were built along the sides for summer use; and a great spinning-wheel at one end, and a churn at the other, showed the various uses to which this important porch might be devoted. From this piazza the wondering Ichabod entered the hall, which formed the centre of the mansion and <sup>390</sup> the place of usual residence. Here, rows of resplendent pewter, ranged on a long dresser, dazzled his eyes. In one corner stood a huge bag of wool ready to be spun; in another a quantity of linsey-woolsey just from the loom; ears of Indian corn and strings of dried apples and peaches, hung in gay festoons along the walls, mingled with the gaud of red peppers; and a door left ajar gave him a peep into the best parlor, where the claw-footed chairs and dark mahogany tables shone like mirrors; and irons, with their accompanying shovel and tongs, glistened from their covert of asparagus tops; mock-oranges <sup>400</sup>

378. **Setting out for Kentucky.**—At this time these States were in the remote West.

392. **Dresser.**—An old-time article of kitchen furniture, somewhat resembling the modern side-board, on which the table dishes were arranged.

394. **Linsey-woolsey.**—Cloth made of linen and wool from which homespun garments were made.

396. **Gaud** (Lat. *gaudium*, gladness, joy).—Show. ornament. Also spelt *gawd* in Shakespeare.

400. **Asparagus tops.**—Commonly used to ornament the old-fashioned fireplace in summer.

400. **Mock oranges.**—A species of gourds, of various colors, shaped like oranges, commonly used as household ornaments.



and conch shells decorated the mantel-piece; strings of vari-colored bird's eggs were suspended above it; a great oster egg was hung from the centre of the room, and a corner-board knowingly left open, displayed immense treasures of silver and well-mended china.

From the moment Ichabod laid his eyes upon these regions of delight, the peace of his mind was at an end, and his only study was how to gain the affections of the peerless daughter Van Tassel.

410 In this enterprise, however, he had more real difficulties than generally fell to the lot of a knight-errant of yore, who seldom had anything but giants, enchanters, fiery dragons, and such like easily conquered adversaries, to contend with; and had to make his way merely through gates of iron and brass, and walls of adamant, to the castle-keep, where the lady of his heart was confined; all which he achieved as easily as a man would catch his way to the centre of a Christmas pie; and then the lady gave him her hand as a matter of course. Ichabod, on the contrary, had to win his way to the heart of a country coquette  
420 beset with a labyrinth of whims and caprices, which was forever presenting new difficulties and impediments; and had to encounter a host of fearful adversaries of real flesh and blood, the numerous rustic admirers, who beset every portal of her heart; keeping a watchful and angry eye upon each other but ready to fly out in the common cause against any rival competitor.

Among these the most formidable was a burly, roaring roistering blade, of the name of Abraham, or, according to the Dutch abbreviation, Brom Van Brunt, the hero of  
430 country round, which rang with his feats of strength.

404. *Old silver, etc.*—For additional details of the furniture of a well-to-do Dutch farmhouse, see Irving's *Knickerbocker's History of New York*.

411. *Knight-errant* [A. S. *cnicht*, boy, servant; Eng. *knight* a soldier who fought on horseback: errant, Lat. *errare* to wander].—A soldier who is called to exhibit his prowess or military skill.

415. *Castle-keep*.—The castle dungeon, used as a prison for captives. A place of last defence.

ood. He was broad-shouldered, and double-jointed, short curly black hair, and a bluff but not unpleasant enance, having a mingled air of fun and arrogance. From Herculean frame and great powers of limb, he had received ickname of BROM BONES, by which he was universally a. He was famed for great knowledge and skill in nanship, being as dexterous on horseback as a Tartar. He oremost at all the races and cockfights; and, with the lency which bodily strength acquires in rustic life, was mpire in all disputes, setting his hat on one side, and 44; his decisions with an air and tone admitting of no gain-appeal. He was always ready for either a fight or a frolic; id more mischief than ill-will in his composition; and, with overbearing roughness, there was a strong dash of wag-ood-humor at bottom. He had three or four boon comas, who regarded him as their model, and at the head of he scoured the country, attending every scene of feud or ment for miles round. In cold weather he was distin- ed by a fur cap, surmounted with a flaunting fox's tail; hen the folks at a country gathering descried this well- 44n crest at a distance, whisking about among a squad of riders, they always stood by for a squall. Sometimes his would be heard dashing along past the farm-houses at ght, with whoop and halloo, like a troop of Don Cossacks; he old dames, startled out of their sleep, would listen for nent till the hurry-scurry had clattered by and then ex- , "Ay, there goes Brom Bones and his gang!" The bors looked upon him with a mixture of awe, admiration ood-will; and when any mad-cap prank, or rustic brawl,

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**Herculean.**—Hercules, one of the most celebrated heroes of Greek , was famous for his great strength and incredible feats.

**Tartar.**—The Tartars, inhabitants of Tartary, once a large province in Asia, were noted for their horsemanship.

**Don Cossacks.**—The Don Cossacks belonged to one of the great branches Cossack people, inhabiting a vast fertile plain on the River Don. They ed for their skilful and daring horsemanship. The Cossacks furnish a ad valuable contingent of light cavalry to the Russian army.

occurred in the vicinity, always shook their heads, and warranted Brom Bones was at the bottom of it.

This rantipole hero had for some time singled out the blooming Katrina for the object of his uncouth gallantries; and though his amorous toyings were something like the gentle caresses and endearments of a bear, yet it was whispered that she did not altogether discourage his hopes. Certain it is, his advances were signals for rival candidates to retire, who felt no inclination to cross a lion in his amours; insomuch, that, when his horse was seen tied to Van Tassel's paling on a Sunday night, a sure sign that his master was courting, or, as it is termed, "sparking," within, all other suitors passed by in despair, and carried the war into other quarters.

Such was the formidable rival with whom Ichabod Crane had to contend, and, considering all things, a stouter man than he would have shrunk from the competition, and a wiser man would have despaired. He had, however, a happy mixture of pliability and perseverance in his nature; he was in form and spirit like a supple-jack—yielding, but tough; though he bent, he never broke; and though he bowed beneath the slightest pressure, yet, the moment it was away—jerk! he was as erect, and carried his head as high as ever.

To have taken the field openly against his rival would have been madness; for he was not a man to be thwarted in his amours, any more than that stormy lover, Achilles. Ichabod, therefore, made his advances in a quiet and gently insinuating manner. Under cover of his character of singing-master, he had made frequent visits at the farm-house; not that he had anything to apprehend from the meddlesome interference of parents, which is so often a stumbling-block in the path of

462. **Rantipole.**—A wild, harum-scarum fellow, a mad-cap. One of the nicknames given to Napoleon III.

"Dick, be a little rantipollish."—Colman's *Heir-at-Law*.

478. **Supple-jack.**—The popular name of a tough and flexible Southern vine, often used for walking-sticks.

484. **Achilles.**—The hero of Homer's *Iliad*; one of the bravest of the Greek warriors who took part in the siege of Troy.

lovers. Balt Van Tassel was an easy, indulgent soul; he <sup>490</sup> loved his daughter better even than his pipe, and, like a reasonable man and an excellent father, let her have her way in everything. His notable little wife, too, had enough to do to attend to her housekeeping and manage her poultry; for, as she sagely observed, ducks and geese are foolish things, and must be looked after, but girls can take care of themselves. Thus while the busy dame bustled about the house, or plied her spinning-wheel at one end of the piazza, honest Balt would sit smoking his evening pipe at the other, watching the achievements of a little wooden warrior, who, armed ~~with~~ a sword in <sup>500</sup> each hand, was most valiantly fighting the wind on the pinnacle of the barn. In the meantime, Ichabod would carry on his suit with the daughter by the side of the spring under the great elm, or sauntering along in the twilight,—that hour so favorable to the lover's eloquence.

I profess not to know how women's hearts are wooed and won. To me they have always been matters of riddle and admiration. Some seem to have but one vulnerable point, or door of access, while others have a thousand avenues, and may be captured in a thousand different ways. It is a great tri- <sup>510</sup> umph of skill to gain the former, but a still greater proof of generalship to maintain possession of the latter, for the man must battle for his fortress at every door and window. He who wins a thousand common hearts is therefore entitled to some renown; but he who keeps undisputed sway over the heart of a coquette, is indeed a hero. Certain it is, this was not the case with the redoubtable Brom Bones; and from the moment Ichabod Crane made his advances, the interests of the former evidently declined; his horse was no longer seen tied at the palings on Sunday nights, and a deadly feud gradually <sup>520</sup> arose between him and the preceptor of Sleepy Hollow.

Brom, who had a good deal of rough chivalry in his nature, would fain have carried matters to open warfare, and have settled their pretensions to the lady according to the mode of

those most concise and simple reasoners, the knights-errant of yore—by single combat; but Ichabod was too conscious of the superior might of his adversary to enter the lists against him: he had overheard a boast of Bones, that he would “double the schoolmaster up, and lay him on a shelf of his own school-house;” and he was too wary to give him an opportunity. There was something extremely provoking in this obstinately pacific system; it left Brom no alternative but to draw upon the funds of rustic waggerly in his disposition, and to play off boorish practical jokes upon his rival. Ichabod became the object of whimsical persecution to Bones and his gang of rough-riders. They harried his hitherto peaceful domains; smoked out his singing-school, by stopping up the chimney; broke into the school-house at night, in spite of its formidable fastenings of withe and window-stakes, and turned everything topsy-turvy : so that the poor schoolmaster began to think all the witches in the country held their meetings there. But what was still more annoying, Brom took opportunities of turning him into ridicule in presence of his mistress, and had a scoundrel dog whom he taught to whine in the most ludicrous manner, and introduced as a rival of Ichabod’s to instruct her in psalmody.

In this way matters went on for some time, without producing any material effect on the relative situation of the contending powers. On a fine autumnal afternoon, Ichabod, in pensive mood, sat enthroned on the lofty stool whence he usually watched all the concerns of his little literary realm. In his hand he swayed a ferule, that sceptre of despotic power; the birch of justice reposed on three nails, behind the throne, a constant terror to evil-doers; while on the desk before him might be seen sundry contraband articles and prohibited weapons, detected upon the persons of idle urchins; such as half-munched apples, popguns, whirligigs, fly-cages, and whole legions of rampant little paper game-cocks. Apparently there

had been some appalling act of justice recently inflicted, for his scholars were all busily intent upon their books, or slyly<sup>566</sup> whispering behind them with one eye kept upon the master; and a kind of buzzing stillness reigned throughout the school-room. It was suddenly interrupted by the appearance of a negro, in tow-cloth jacket and trousers, a round-crowned fragment of a hat, like the cap of Mercury, and mounted on the back of a ragged, wild, half-broken colt, which he managed with a rope by way of halter. He came clattering up to the school-door with an invitation to Ichabod to attend a merry-making or "quilting frolic," to be held that evening at Mynheer Van Tassel's; and having delivered his message with that<sup>570</sup> air of importance, and effort at fine language, which a negro is apt to display on petty embassies of the kind, he dashed over the brook, and was seen scampering away up the Hollow, full of the importance and hurry of his mission.

All was now bustle and hubbub in the late quiet school-room. The scholars were hurried through their lessons, without stopping at trifles; those who were nimble skipped over half with impunity, and those who were tardy had a smart application now and then in the rear, to quicken their speed, or help them over a tall word. Books were flung aside without being put<sup>580</sup> away on the shelves, inkstands were overturned, benches thrown down, and the whole school was turned loose an hour before the usual time, bursting forth like a legion of young imps, yelping and racketing about the green, in joy at their early emancipation.

The gallant Ichabod now spent at least an extra half-hour at his toilet, brushing and furbishing up his best and indeed only suit of rusty black, and arranging his locks by a bit of

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565. *Mercury*.—The common name of Hermes, the messenger of the gods.  
569. *Quilting frolic*.—An old-time merry-making. The women were invited in the afternoon to "quilt"; towards night the men came to tea, after which followed games, dancing, gossip, etc. The "apple bee" and "husking-bee" were similar merry-makings. Says Irving: "Now were instituted 'quilting-bees,' and 'husking-bees,' and other rural assemblages, where, under the inspiring influence of the fiddle, toil was enlivened by gaiety and followed up by the dance."—*History of New York*, Book VII. Chap. 2.

broken looking-glass, that hung up in the school-house. That  
590 he might make his appearance before his mistress in the true  
style of a cavalier, he borrowed a horse from the farmer with  
whom he was domiciliated, a choleric old Dutchman of the  
name of Hans Van Ripper, and, thus gallantly mounted, issued  
forth, like a knight-errant in quest of adventures. But it is  
meet I should, in the true spirit of romantic story, give some  
account of the looks and equipments of my hero and his steed.  
The animal he bestrode was a broken-down plough-horse, that  
had outlived almost everything but his viciousness. He was  
gaunt and shagged, with a ewe neck and a head like a ham-  
600 mer; his rusty mane and tail were tangled and knotted with  
burrs; one eye had lost its pupil, and was glaring and spectral;  
but the other had the gleam of a genuine devil in it. Still he  
must have had fire and mettle in his day, if we may judge from  
the name he bore of Gunpowder. He had, in fact, been a  
favorite steed of his master's, the choleric Van Ripper, who  
was a furious rider, and had infused, very probably, some of  
his own spirit into the animal; for, old and broken-down as  
he looked, there was more of the lurking devil in him than in  
any young filly in the country.

610 Ichabod was a suitable figure for such a steed. He rode with  
short stirrups, which brought his knees nearly up to the pom-  
mel of the saddle; his sharp elbows stuck out like grasshop-  
pers'; he carried his whip perpendicularly in his hand, like a  
sceptre, and, as his horse jogged on, the motion of his arms  
was not unlike the flapping of a pair of wings. A small wool  
hat rested on the top of his nose, for so his scanty strip of fore-  
head might be called; and the skirts of his black coat fluttered  
out almost to the horse's tail. Such was the appearance of  
Ichabod and his steed, as they shambled out of the gate of  
620 Hans Van Ripper, and it was altogether such an apparition as  
is seldom to be met with in broad daylight.

*It was, as I have said, a fine autumnal day, the sky was clear*

and serene, and nature wore that rich and golden livery which we always associate with the idea of abundance. The forests had put on their sober brown and yellow, while some trees of the tenderer kind had been nipped by the frosts into brilliant dyes of orange, purple, and scarlet. Streaming files of wild ducks began to make their appearance high in the air; the bark of the squirrel might be heard from the groves of beech and hickory nuts, and the pensive whistle of the quail at 639 intervals from the neighboring stubble-field.

The small birds were taking their farewell banquets. In the fulness of their revelry, they fluttered, chirping and frolicking, from bush to bush, and tree to tree, capricious from the very profusion and variety around them. There was the honest cock-robin, the favorite game of stripling sportsmen, with its loud querulous notes; and the twittering blackbirds flying in sable clouds; and the golden-winged woodpecker, with his crimson crest, his broad black gorget, and splendid plumage; and the cedar-bird, with its red-tipt wings and yellow-tipt tail, 640 and its little monteiro cap of feathers; and the blue jay, that noisy coxcomb, in his gay light-blue coat and white underclothes, screaming and chattering, nodding and bobbing and bowing, and pretending to be on good terms with every songster of the grove.

As Ichabod jogged slowly on his way, his eye, ever open to every symptom of culinary abundance, ranged with delight over the treasures of jolly autumn. On all sides he beheld vast stores of apples; some hanging in oppressive opulence on the trees; some gathered into baskets and barrels for the market; 650 others heaped up in rich piles for the cider-press. Farther on he beheld great fields of Indian corn, with its golden ears peeping from their leafy coverts, and holding out the promise

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639. **Gorget** [Fr. *gorge*, the throat; *garget*, the throat, in Chancer].—The gorget was that part of ancient armor which defended the neck. Also a crescent-shaped ornament formerly worn by military officers on the breast.

641. **Monteiro**.—Fancy-colored, jaunty. Derivation of the word is in some doubt.



of cakes and hasty-pudding; and the yellow pumpkins lying beneath them, turning up their round bellies to the sun, and giving ample prospects of the most luxurious of pies; and anon he passed the fragrant buckwheat fields, breathing the odor of the bee-hive, and as he beheld them, soft anticipations stole over his mind of dainty slapjacks, well buttered and garnished  
660 with honey or treacle, by the delicate little dimpled hand of Katrina Van Tassel.

Thus feeding his mind with many sweet thoughts and "sugared suppositions," he journeyed along the sides of a range of hills which look out upon some of the goodliest scenes of the mighty Hudson. The sun gradually wheeled his broad disk down into the west. The wide bosom of the Tappan Zee lay motionless and glassy, excepting that here and there a gentle undulation waved and prolonged the blue shadow of the distant mountain. A few amber clouds floated in the sky,  
670 without a breath of air to move them. The horizon was of a fine golden tint, changing gradually into a pure apple-green, and from that into the deep blue of the mid-heaven. A slanting ray lingered on the woody crests of the precipices that overhung some parts of the river, giving greater depth to the dark-gray and purple of their rocky sides. A sloop was loitering in the distance, dropping slowly down with the tide, her sail hanging uselessly against the mast; and as the reflection of the sky gleamed along the still water, it seemed as if the vessel was suspended in the air.

680 It was toward evening when Ichabod arrived at the castle of the Heer Van Tassel, which he found thronged with the pride and flower of the adjacent country. Old farmers, a spare leathern-faced race, in homespun coats and breeches, blue stockings, huge shoes, and magnificent pewter buckles. Their brisk withered little dames, in close crimped caps, long-waisted

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660. *Treacle*.—The syrup drained from sugar in making it. Molasses. Literally, means an antidote against the bite of wild beasts. Triacle, a sovereign remedy, commonly used in Middle English.

short gowns, homespun petticoats, with scissors and pincushions, and gay calico pockets hanging on the outside. Buxom lasses, almost as antiquated as their mothers, excepting where a straw hat, a fine ribbon, or perhaps a white frock, gave symptoms of city innovation. The sons, in short square-skirted coats with rows of stupendous brass buttons, and their hair generally queued in the fashion of the times, especially if they could procure an eel-skin for the purpose, it being esteemed, throughout the country, as a potent nourisher and strengthener of the hair.

— Brom Bones, however, was the hero of the scene, having come to the gathering on his favorite steed, Dare-devil, a creature, like himself, full of mettle and mischief, and which no one but himself could manage. He was, in fact, noted for preferring vicious animals, given to all kinds of tricks, which kept the rider in constant risk of his neck, for he held a tractable well-broken horse as unworthy of a lad of spirit.

Fain would I pause to dwell upon the world of charms that burst upon the enraptured gaze of my hero, as he entered the state parlor of Van Tassel's mansion. Not those of the bevy of buxom lasses, with their luxurious display of red and white; but the ample charms of a genuine Dutch country tea-table, in the sumptuous time of autumn. Such heaped-up platters of cakes of various and almost indescribable kinds, known only to experienced Dutch housewives! There was the doughty doughnut, the tenderer oly koeck, and the crisp and crumbling cruller; sweet cakes and short cakes, ginger-cakes and honey-cakes, and the whole family of cakes. And then there were apple-pies and peach-pies and pumpkin pies; besides slices of ham and smoked beef; and moreover delectable dishes of preserved plums, and peaches, and pears, and quinces; not to

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696. With scissors and pincushions.—For more details of the quaint style of dress among the Dutch people, see Irving's *Hist. of N. Y.* BK. III. ch. 4.

711. *Oly Koeck* [Dutch *olie koeck*, oil cake]. Cakes, like doughnuts and crullers, fried in lard.

mention broiled shad and roasted chickens; together with bowls of milk and cream, all mingled higgledy-piggledy, pretty much as I have enumerated them, with the motherly tea-pot sending up its clouds of vapor from the midst—Heaven bless the mark! I want breath and time to discuss this banquet as it deserves, and am too eager to get on with my story. Happily, Ichabod Crane was not in so great a hurry as his historian, but did ample justice to every dainty./

He was a kind and thankful creature, whose heart dilated in proportion as his skin was filled with good cheer; and whose spirits rose with eating as some men's do with drink. He could not help, too, rolling his large eyes round him as he ate, and chuckling with the possibility that he might one day be lord of all this scene of almost unimaginable luxury and splendor. Then, he thought, how soon he'd turn his back upon the old school-house; snap his fingers in the face of Hans Van Ripper, and every other niggardy patron, and kick any itinerant pedagogue out-of-doors that should dare to call him comrade.

Old Baltus Van Tassel moved about among his guests with a face dilated with content and good-humor, round and jolly as the harvest moon. His hospitable attentions were brief, but expressive, being confined to a shake of the hand, a slap on the shoulder, a loud laugh, and a pressing invitation to "fall to, and help themselves."

And now the sound of the music from the common room, or hall, summoned to the dance. The musician was an old gray-headed negro, who had been the itinerant orchestra of the neighborhood for more than half a century. His instrument was as old and battered as himself. The greater part of the time he scraped on two or three strings, accompanying every movement of the bow with a motion of the head; bowing

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718. *Higgledy-piggledy*.—Take notice of the numerous colloquial and familiar phrases used by Irving in his easy style of writing, as "*higgledy-piggledy*," "*topsy-turvy*," "*all hollow*," "*by hook and by crook*," etc.

almost to the ground and stamping with his foot whenever a fresh couple were to start.

Ichabod prided himself upon his dancing as much as upon his vocal powers. Not a limb, not a fibre about him was idle; and to have seen his loosely hung frame in full motion, and clattering about the room, you would have thought Saint Vitus himself, that blessed patron of the dance, was figuring before you in person. He was the admiration of all the negroes; who, having gathered, of all ages and sizes, from the farm and the neighborhood, stood forming a pyramid of shining black faces at every door and window, gazing with delight at the scene, rolling their white eyeballs, and showing grinning rows of ivory from ear to ear. How could the flogger of urchins be otherwise than animated and joyous? the lady of his heart was his partner in the dance, and smiling graciously in reply to all his amorous oglings; while Brom Bones, sorely smitten with love and jealousy, sat brooding by himself in one corner.

When the dance was at an end, Ichabod was attracted to a knot of the sager folks, who, with old Van Tassel, sat smoking at one end of the piazza, gossiping over former times, and drawing out long stories about the war.

This neighborhood, at the time of which I am speaking, was one of those highly favored places which abound with chronicle and great men. The British and American line had run near it during the war; it had, therefore, been the scene of marauding, and infested with refugees, cow-boys, and all kinds of border chivalry. Just sufficient time had elapsed to enable each story teller to dress up his tale with a little becoming

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774. **St. Vitus.**—Sometimes held to be the patron saint of the dance. He was supposed to have control over nervous and hysterical affections. Hence his power was invoked against the nervous disease, marked by irregular and involuntary movements of the muscles, called chorea, or more commonly, St. Vitus's Dance.

774. **Cow-boys.**—A gang of plunderers infesting the neutral ground lying between the British and American lines during the war of the Revolution. In the second volume of his "Life of Washington," Irving gives a detailed and graphic account of the troubles and trials of this portion of the river during the Revolution.

fiction, and, in the indistinctness of his recollection, to make himself the hero of every exploit.

There was the story of Doffie Martling, a large blue-bearded Dutchman, who had nearly taken a British frigate with an old iron nine-pounder from a mud breastwork, only that his gun burst at the sixth discharge. And there was an old gentleman who shall be nameless, being too rich a *mynheer* to be lightly mentioned, who, in the battle of White-Plains, being an excellent master of defence, parried a musket-ball with a small sword, insomuch that he absolutely felt it whiz round the blade, and glance off at the hilt; in proof of which he was ready at any time to show the sword, with the hilt a little bent. There were several more that had been equally great in the field, not one of whom but was persuaded that he had a considerable hand in bringing the war to a happy termination.

But all these were as nothing to the tales of ghosts and apparitions that succeeded. The neighborhood is rich in legendary treasures of the kind. Local tales and superstitions thrive best in these sheltered long-settled retreats, but are trampled under foot by the shifting throng that forms the population of most of our country places. Besides, there is no encouragement for ghosts in most of our villages, for they have scarcely had time to finish their first nap, and turn themselves in their graves, before their surviving friends have travelled away from the neighborhood; so that when they turn out at night to walk their rounds, they have no acquaintance left to call upon. This is perhaps the reason why we so seldom hear of ghosts, except in our long-established Dutch communities.

The immediate cause, however, of the prevalence of supernatural stories in these parts was doubtless owing to the vicinity of Sleepy Hollow. There was a contagion in the very air that blew from that haunted region; it breathed forth an

783. *Mynheer* [Ger. *mein*, my; *herr*, a lord, sir.].—A Dutch word meaning Mr. or Sir.

784. *White-Plains*.—A battle of little advantage to the Americans was fought here in 1776.

atmosphere of dreams and fancies infecting all the land. Several of the Sleepy Hollow people were present at Van Tassel's, <sup>820</sup> and, as usual, were doling out their wild and wonderful legends. Many dismal tales were told about funeral trains, and mourning cries and wailings heard and seen about the great tree where the unfortunate Major André was taken, and which stood in the neighborhood. Some mention was made also of the woman in white, that haunted the dark glen at Raven Rock, and was often heard to shriek on winter nights before a storm, having perished there in the snow. The chief part of the stories, however, turned upon the favorite spectre of Sleepy Hollow, the headless horseman, who had been heard <sup>820</sup> several times of late, patrolling the country; and, it was said, gathered his horse nightly among the graves in the churchyard.

The sequestered situation of this church seems always to have made it a favorite haunt of troubled spirits. It stands on a knoll, surrounded by locust-trees and lofty elms, from among which its decent whitewashed walls shine modestly forth, like Christian purity beaming through the shades of retirement. A gentle slope descends from it to a silver sheet of water, bordered by high trees, between which peeps may be caught at the blue hills of the Hudson. To look upon its <sup>820</sup> grass-grown yard, where the sunbeams seem to sleep so quietly, one would think that there at least the dead might rest in peace. On one side of the church extends a wide woody dell, along which raves a large brook among broken rocks and trunks of fallen trees. Over a deep black part of the stream, not far from the church, was formerly thrown a wooden bridge; the road that led to it, and the bridge itself, were thickly shaded by overhanging trees, which cast a gloom about it, even in the day time, but occasioned a fearful darkness at

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814. **Major André.**—This brave but unfortunate British officer was captured by three patriots in this neighborhood while carrying despatches from the traitor, Benedict Arnold, to the British general, Sir Henry Clinton. André was judged as a spy, and his body buried beneath the gallows. Read details of this interesting topic in some history of the United States.

840 night. This was one of the favorite haunts of the headless horseman; and the place where he was most frequently encountered. The tale was told of old Brouwer, a most heretical disbeliever in ghosts, how he met the horseman returning from his foray into Sleepy Hollow, and was obliged to get up behind him; how they galloped over bush and brake, over hill and swamp, until they reached the bridge; when the horseman suddenly turned into a skeleton, threw old Brouwer into the brook, and sprang away over the tree-tops with a clap of thunder.

850 This story was immediately matched by a thrice marvellous adventure of Brom Bones, who made light of the galloping Hessian as an arrant jockey. He affirmed that, on returning one night from the neighboring village of Sing Sing, he had been overtaken by this midnight trooper; that he had offered to race with him for a bowl of punch, and should have won it too, for Dare-devil beat the goblin horse all hollow, but, just as they came to the church-bridge, the Hessian bolted, and vanished in a flash of fire.

All these tales, told in that drowsy undertone with which 860 men talk in the dark, the countenances of the listeners only now and then receiving a casual gleam from the glare of a pipe, sank deep in the mind of Ichabod. He repaid them in kind with large extracts from his invaluable author, Cotton Mather, and added many marvellous events that had taken place in his native State of Connecticut, and fearful sights which he had seen in his nightly walks about the Sleepy Hollow.

The revel now gradually broke up. The old farmers gathered 870 together their families in their wagons, and were heard for some time rattling along the hollow roads, and over the distant hills. Some of the damsels mounted on pillions behind their favorite swains, and their light-hearted laughter, mingling with the clatter of hoofs, echoed along the silent woodlands, sounding

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870. **Pillions.**—A cushion for a woman to ride on behind a person on horse back. Rarely used to-day.

ainter and fainter until they gradually died away—and the late scene of noise and frolic was all silent and deserted. Ichabod only lingered behind, according to the custom of country lovers, to have a *tête-à-tête* with the heiress, fully convinced that he was now on the high road to success. What passed at this interview I will not pretend to say, for in fact I do not know. Something, however, I fear me, must have gone wrong, for he certainly sallied forth, after no very great interval, with an air quite desolate and chopfallen.—Oh, these women! these women! Could that girl have been playing off any of her coquettish tricks?—Was her encouragement of the poor pedagogue all a mere sham to secure her conquest of his rival?—Heaven only knows, not I!—Let it suffice to say, Ichabod stole forth with the air of one who had been sacking a hen-roost rather than a fair lady's heart. Without looking to the right or left to notice the scene of rural wealth on which he had so often gloated, he went straight to the stable, and with several hearty cuffs and kicks, roused his steed most uncourt-  
eously from the comfortable quarters in which he was soundly sleeping, dreaming of mountains of corn and oats, and whole valleys of timothy and clover.

It was the very witching time of night that Ichabod, heavy-hearted and crestfallen, pursued his travel homeward, along the sides of the lofty hills which rise above Tarry Town, and which he had traversed so cheerily in the afternoon. The hour was as dismal as himself. Far below him, the Tappan Zee spread its dusky and indistinct waste of waters, with here and there the tall mast of a sloop riding quietly at anchor under the land. In the dead hush of midnight he could even hear

876. *Tête-à-Tête*.—Literally, *head to head*. A familiar conversation, a cosy talk, a confidential interview.

892. *Timothy*.—A name commonly given to a species of grass. One Timothy Hanson is said to have carried the grass to England, and hence gave rise to the name.

894. *Witching time of night*.—Cf. *Hamlet* III. 2. l. 406:—

"Tis now the very witching time of night  
When grave-yards yawn," etc.



the barking of the watch-dog from the opposite shore of Hudson; but it was so vague and faint as only to give an  
of his distance from this faithful companion of man.  
and then, too, the long drawn crowing of a cock, acciden-  
awakened, would sound far, far off, from some farm-h  
away among the hills—but it was like a dreaming sound in  
ear. No signs of life occurred near him, but occasionally  
melancholy chirp of a cricket, or perhaps the guttural tv  
910 of a bull-frog, from a neighboring marsh, as if sleeping  
comfortably, and turning suddenly in his bed.

All the stories of ghosts and goblins that he had heard  
the afternoon now came crowding upon his recollection.  
night grew darker and darker; the stars seemed to sink down  
in the sky, and driving clouds occasionally hid them from  
sight. He had never felt so lonely and dismal. He  
moreover, approaching the very place where many of the stories  
of the ghost-stories had been laid. In the centre of the  
stood an enormous tulip-tree, which towered like a giant  
920 all the other trees of the neighborhood, and formed a kind of  
landmark. Its limbs were gnarled, and fantastic, large enough  
to form trunks for ordinary trees, twisting down almost to  
earth, and rising again into the air. It was connected with  
the tragical story of the unfortunate André, who had  
taken prisoner hard by; and was universally known by the  
name of Major André's tree. The common people regarded  
with a mixture of respect and superstition, partly out of  
pathy for the fate of its ill-starred namesake, and partly  
the tales of strange sights and doleful lamentations told  
930 concerning it.

As Ichabod approached this fearful tree, he began to wonder  
he thought his whistle was answered,—it was but a  
sweeping sharply through the dry branches. As he approached  
a little nearer, he thought he saw something white, hanging  
*the midst of the tree*,—he paused and ceased whistling; but  
*looking more narrowly*, perceived that it was a place

the tree had been scathed by lightning, and the white wood laid bare. Suddenly he heard a groan—his teeth chattered and his knees smote against the saddle: it was but the rubbing of one huge bough upon another, as they were swayed about by the breeze. He passed the tree in safety; but new perils lay before him.

About two hundred yards from the tree a small brook crossed the road, and ran into a marshy and thickly wooded glen, known by the name of Wiley's swamp. A few rough logs, laid side by side, served for a bridge over this stream. On that side of the road where the brook entered the wood, a group of oaks and chestnuts, matted thick with wild grape-vines, threw a cavernous gloom over it. To pass this bridge was the severest trial. It was at this identical spot that the unfortunate André was captured, and under the covert of those chestnuts and vines were the sturdy yeomen concealed who surprised him. This has ever since been considered a haunted stream, and fearful are the feelings of the schoolboy who has to pass it alone after dark.

As he approached the stream, his heart began to thump; he summoned up, however, all his resolution, gave his horse half a score of kicks in the ribs, and attempted to dash briskly across the bridge; but instead of starting forward, the perverse old animal made a lateral movement, and ran broadside against the fence. Ichabod, whose fears increased with the delay, jerked the reins on the other side, and kicked lustily with the contrary foot: it was all in vain; his steed started, it is true, but it was only to plunge to the opposite side of the road into a thicket of brambles and alder bushes. The schoolmaster now bestowed both whip and heel upon the starveling ribs of old Gunpowder, who dashed forward, snuffing and snorting, but came to a stand just by the bridge, with a suddenness that had nearly sent his rider sprawling over his head. Just at this moment a plashy tramp by the side of the bridge caught the sensitive ear of Ichabod. In the dark shadow of the grove, on

the margin of the brook, he beheld something huge, misshapen, black and towering. It stirred not, but seemed gathered up in the gloom, like some gigantic monster ready to spring upon the traveller.

The hair of the affrighted pedagogue rose upon his head with terror. What was to be done? To turn and fly was now too late; and besides, what chance was there of escaping ghost or goblin, if such it was, which could ride upon the wings of the wind? Summoning up, therefore, a show of courage, he demanded in stammering accents—"Who are you?" He received no reply. He repeated his demand in a still more agitated voice. Still there was no answer. Once more he cudgelled the sides of the inflexible Gunpowder, and, shutting his eyes, broke forth with involuntary fervor into a psalm-tune. Just then the shadowy object of alarm put itself in motion, and, with a scramble and a bound, stood at once in the middle of the road. Though the night was dark and dismal, yet the form of the unknown might now in some degree be ascertained. He appeared to be a horseman of large dimensions, and mounted on a black horse of powerful frame. He made no offer of molestation or sociability, but kept aloof on one side of the road, jogging along on the blind side of old Gunpowder, who had now got over his fright and waywardness.

Ichabod, who had no relish for this strange midnight companion, and bethought himself of the adventure of Brom Bones with the galloping Hessian, now quickened his steed, in hopes of leaving him behind. The stranger, however, quickened his horse to an equal pace. Ichabod pulled up, and fell into a walk, thinking to lag behind,—the other did the same.

His heart began to sink within him; he endeavored to resume his psalm-tune, but his parched tongue clove to the roof of his mouth, and he could not utter a stave. There was something *in the moody and dogged silence of this pertinacious companion, that was mysterious and appalling.* It was soon fear-

*1004. Stave.*—A staff or metrical portion of a tune. A verse in psalm-singing.

fully accounted for. On mounting a rising ground, which brought the figure of his fellow traveller in relief against the sky, gigantic in height, and muffled in a cloak, Ichabod was horror-struck, on perceiving that he was headless!—but his horror was still more increased, on observing that the head, <sup>1020c</sup> which should have rested on his shoulders, was carried before him on the pommel of the saddle: his terror rose to desperation; he rained a shower of kicks and blows upon Gunpowder, hoping, by a sudden movement, to give his companion the slip,—but the spectre started full jump with him. Away then they dashed, through thick and thin; stones flying, and sparks flashing at every bound. Ichabod's flimsy garments fluttered in the air, as he stretched his long lank body away over his horse's head, in the eagerness of his flight.

They had now reached the road which turns off to Sleepy <sup>1020c</sup> Hollow; but Gunpowder, who seemed possessed with a demon, instead of keeping up it, made an opposite turn, and plunged headlong downhill to the left. This road leads through a sandy hollow, shaded by trees for about a quarter of a mile, where it crosses the bridge famous in goblin story, and just beyond swells the green knoll on which stands the whitewashed church.

As yet the panic of the steed had given his unskilful rider an apparent advantage in the chase; but just as he had got half-way through the hollow, the girths of the saddle gave <sup>1020c</sup> way, and he felt it slipping from under him. He seized it by the pommel, and endeavored to hold it firm, but in vain; and had just time to save himself by clasping old Gunpowder round the neck, when the saddle fell to the earth, and he heard it trampled underfoot by his pursuer. For a moment the terror of Hans Van Ripper's wrath passed across his mind—for it was his Sunday saddle; but this was no time for petty fears; the goblin was hard on his haunches; and (unskilful rider that he

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<sup>1025.</sup> *Goblin* [*Fr. goblin, a hobgoblin*].—An evil spirit, a frightful phantom; a fairy, an elf.

was!) he had much ado to maintain his seat; sometimes slipping on one side, sometimes on another, and sometimes jolted on the high ridge of his horse's backbone, with a violence that he verily feared would cleave him asunder.

An opening in the trees now cheered him with the hopes that the church-bridge was at hand. The wavering reflection of a silver star in the bosom of the brook told him that he was not mistaken. He saw the walls of the church dimly glaring under the trees beyond. He recollected the place where Brom Bones's ghostly competitor had disappeared. "If I can but reach that bridge," thought Ichabod, "I am safe." Just then he heard the black steed panting and blowing close behind him; he even fancied that he felt his hot breath. Another convulsive kick in the ribs, and old Gunpowder sprang upon the bridge; he thundered over the resounding planks; he gained the opposite side; and now Ichabod cast a look behind to see if his pursuer should vanish, according to rule, in a flash of fire and brimstone. Just then he saw the goblin rising in his stirrups, and in the very act of hurling his head at him. Ichabod endeavored to dodge the horrible missile, but too late. It encountered his cranium with a tremendous crash,—he was tumbled headlong into the dust, and Gunpowder, the black steed, and the goblin rider, passed by like a whirlwind.

The next morning the old horse was found without his saddle, and with the bridle under his feet, soberly cropping the grass at his master's gate. Ichabod did not make his appearance at breakfast;—dinner-hour came, but no Ichabod. The boys assembled at the school-house, and strolled idly about the banks of the brook; but no schoolmaster. Hans Van Ripper now began to feel some uneasiness about the fate of poor Ichabod, and his saddle. An inquiry was set on foot, and after diligent investigation they came upon his traces.

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1049. *Reach that bridge.*—It was a superstitious notion that witches could not cross the middle of a stream. Cf. Burns's *Tam O' Shanter* :—

"A running stream they darena cross."

In one part of the road leading to the church was found the saddle trampled in the dirt; the tracks of horses' hoofs deeply dented in the road, and evidently at furious speed, were traced to the bridge, beyond which, on the bank of a broad part of the brook, where the water ran deep and black, was found the hat of the unfortunate Ichabod, and close beside it a shattered pumpkin.

The brook was searched, but the body of the schoolmaster was not to be discovered. Hans Van Ripper, as executor of his estate, examined the bundle which contained all his worldly effects. They consisted of two shirts and a half; two stocks for the neck; a pair or two of worsted stockings; an old pair of corduroy small-clothes; a rusty razor; a book of psalm-tunes, full of dogs' ears, and a broken pitch-pipe. As to the books and furniture of the school-house, they belonged to the community, excepting Cotton Mather's "History of Witchcraft," a "New England Almanac," and a book of dreams and fortune-telling; in which last was a sheet of foolscap much scribbled and blotted in several fruitless attempts to make a copy of verses in honor of the heiress of Van Tassel. These magic books and the poetic scrawl were forthwith consigned to the flames by Hans Van Ripper; who from that time forward determined to send his children no more to school; observing that he never knew any good come of this same reading and writing. Whatever money the schoolmaster possessed, and he had received his quarter's pay but a day or two before, he must have had about his person at the time of his disappearance.

The mysterious event caused much speculation at the church on the following Sunday. Knots of gazers and gossips were collected in the churchyard, at the bridge, and at the spot where the hat and pumpkin had been found. The stories of Brouwer, of Bones, and a whole budget of others, were called

1083. **Corduroy** [Fr. *corde-du-roi*, cord of the king].—A thick cotton cloth, corded or ribbed, from which wearing apparel for common use was often made.

1084. **Dogs' ears**.—The corner of a leaf in a book turned down like the ear of a dog.

to mind; and when they had diligently considered them all, and compared them with the symptoms of the present case, they shook their heads, and came to the conclusion that Ichabod had been carried off by the Galloping Hessian. As he was a bachelor, and in nobody's debt, nobody troubled his head any more about him. The school was removed to a different quarter of the Hollow, and another pedagogue reigned in his stead.

1110 It is true, an old farmer, who had been down to New York on a visit several years after, and from whom this account of the ghostly adventure was received, brought home the intelligence that Ichabod Crane was still alive; that he had left the neighborhood, partly through fear of the goblin and Hans Van Ripper, and partly in mortification at having been suddenly dismissed by the heiress; that he had changed his quarters to a distant part of the country; had kept school and studied law at the same time, had been admitted to the bar, turned politician, electioneered, written for the newspapers, and finally 1120 had been made a justice of the Ten Pound Court. Brom Bones too, who shortly after his rival's disappearance conducted the blooming Katrina in triumph to the altar, was observed to look exceedingly knowing whenever the story of Ichabod was related, and always burst into a hearty laugh at the mention of the pumpkin; which led some to suspect that he knew more about the matter than he chose to tell.

The old country wives, however, who are the best judges of these matters, maintain to this day that Ichabod was spirited away by supernatural means; and it is a favorite story often 1130 told about the neighborhood round the winter evening fire. The bridge became more than ever an object of superstitious awe, and that may be the reason why the road has been altered of late years, so as to approach the church by the border of the mill-pond. The school-house, being deserted, soon fell to decay, and was reported to be haunted by the ghost of the

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1130. *Ten Pound Court.*—A court having jurisdiction over cases involving sums not over ten pounds, or about fifty dollars.

fortunate pedagogue; and the ploughboy, loitering home-  
d of a still summer evening, has often fancied his voice at  
istance, chanting a melancholy psalm-tune among the tran-  
solitudes of Sleepy Hollow.

### POSTSCRIPT,

#### FOUND IN THE HANDWRITING OF MR. KNICKERBOCKER.

HE preceding Tale is given, almost in the precise words in which I  
rd it related at a Corporation meeting of the ancient city of Man-  
oes,\* at which were present many of its sagest and most illustrious  
ghers. The narrator was a pleasant, shabby, gentlemanly old fel-  
lows, in pepper-and-salt clothes, with a sadly humorous face; and one  
m I strongly suspected of being poor,—he made such efforts to be-  
rtaining. When his story was concluded, there was much laughter  
approbation, particularly from two of the deputy aldermen, who  
been asleep the greater part of the time. There was, however, one  
dry-looking old gentleman, with beetling eyebrows, who main-  
ed a grave and rather severe face throughout; now and then fold-  
his arms, inclining his head, and looking down upon the floor, as  
rming a doubt over in his mind. He was one of your wary men,  
never laugh, but on good grounds—when they have reason and  
law on their side. When the mirth of the rest of the company had  
sided and silence was restored, he leaned one arm on the elbow of  
chair, and sticking the other akimbo, demanded, with a slight but  
eedingly sage motion of the head, and contraction of the brow,  
it was the moral of the story, and what it went to prove?  
he story-teller, who was just putting a glass of wine to his lips, as  
freshment after his toils, paused for a moment, looked at his in-  
er with an air of infinite deference, and, lowering the glass slowly  
he table, observed, that the story was intended most logically to  
ve:—

That there is no situation in life but has its advantages and pleas-  
s—provided we will but take a joke as we find it:

That, therefore, he that runs races with goblin troopers is likely to  
e rough riding of it.

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36. *Unfortunate pedagogue.*—Mention the various epithets given by  
ng to Ichabod Crane; as, "worthy pedagogue," "a huge feeder," "the  
dured Ichabod," etc.  
ee Irving's *History of New York*, Bk. II. ch. 6.



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